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Culturally Revolting!

**MAO'S
CLEANING
SERVICE**

Red Guards: age 4, 70 pages

CHINESE EGGS PRESS

**MAO'S BOY
SAUCE**

GET A MADRILL OF
THIS!

The small, that's in my Tong

Reprints of the China P.R. THE PEOPLES REPUBLIC OF CHINA THE BEST AS REPORTED BY THE PEOPLES REPUBLIC OF CHINA



Part of the two million strong crowd which gathered in People's Square to watch the May Day Parade. The lucky person with his head circled wins a valuable book prize when he calls at our office if he can answer a simple question. Yesterday's winner: M. T. Tung.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT HEARD THROUGHOUT CHINA

by Mao Tse-tung, our political correspondent

Hi-ping. Tuesday 16, The Year of the Long Swansong.—A new wind was felt by all loyal Chinese today as Chairman Mao reported to the nation.

His action was a direct counter to the black winds of revisionism and neo-socialism raging into China from across our Western borders from the decadent Khrushchev Soviet.

The Chairman's report hailed it as a Great Offensive. Many of them earned placards to this effect.

Some of the guards had come on foot but others rode roughshod over their lackeys.

After hearing a six hour address from the Peoples' Chairman entitled "Soviet Neo progressivism", the Guards regrouped on the corner of the Peoples' Revolution Forever and Peking Yankes Imperialism streets.

They decided to go to the provinces on a watch and destroy expedition against imminent revisionism, armed only with the thought of Chairman and the occasional hint in straiten.

Also: priggish five thousand peasants satn stopped pin

ADVERTISEMENTS

MISSING FRIENDS
Chang, please come home, all is forgiven — M.

CINEMA
At the Bijou-chon Theatre: "A Night at the Chinese Opera", starring the Marx Brothers, Karl and Qiyar

STRIP CLUBS
Now showing at the Red Pussycat, having just returned from an extended season at Dallas, U.S.A., Mao's own "Yellow Rose of Texas". For one night only, Yellow Rose will do the UNPURGED VERSION.

LEGAL NOTICES

In the Supreme Court of China—
Divorce — Mao v. Mao
co-respondent Tung

Bankruptcy — In re N. T.
Tung ex parte Mao In-
dustries

Court of Appeal — Tse
by his next friend Tung
v. Mao

the 5th column

A city-wide toe-tie
eradication cam-
paign was halted to-
day after charges of
neo-imperialism.

RED Guard marksmen
competed today in
the annual Green Bean
Shoot. Hot favourite, Mao
tung, of Peking, was
troubled by the black
winds of revisionism and
could only just manage to
make the second string
team.

DOCTORS report that
Siamese twins born
yesterday to a 35-year-
old peasant are both
doing well. The mother
attributes the miracle
birth to her husband's
nightly readings of the
thought of Chairman
Mao which encouraged
him to redouble his
efforts.

CANTON'S province's
education minister, M.
ao-Tung, has announced
that Cantonese school-
children will have more
homework set when they
return to school next year.
While stressing that he
thought it would lead to
an improvement in their
characters, he added that
it would eliminate any
need for revision.

THINK OR THWIM

A 78-year-old civil
servant had a narrow
escape from drowning
in the Yangtze River
today.

The man, M. T. Tung
of Peking, drifted nine
miles downstream in a
strong current before being
rescued. It is believed
that a gang of youths
forced him into the muddy
river and threatened him
when he attempted to
swim ashore.

When interviewed at
the Thousand Flowers
Hospital last night, the
elderly Mr Tung said

that he had shouted for
help many times but
groups of peasants on the
river bank had mistaken
his cries for patriotic
slogans and had only
called back "As the river
is mighty, so is Mao".

Mr Tung will be re-
leased this morning from
the hospital after treat-
ment for immersion and
over-exposure.

How now, Brown Mao?

A Chinese worker has been charged with libel fol-
lowing a proletarian Write-Out in Soviet Square last week-end.

The charged is Peng
Chan, green mayor in the
Shanghai bazaar's nest
and a little, known Tally
clerk Peng is only four
feet high and his gained
world-wide publicity since
his acknowledged dis-
enchanted with Chairman
Mao.

He has also been charged
with stirring under the in-
fluence of the revisionists.

Peng's alienation from the
People's Party began one dark
morning when he failed to find
his voice for the communist

staging of "The East is Red".
He later announced his re-
fusal to bow to the red
poet, an old Chinese ritual
that is performed each day by
the Party leaders.

After these events, he began
to see the writing on the wall.
He also began to appreciate
a little of his own, so did his fel-
lowers.

Now the Chief Noodle in the
Shanghai Potpourri has been
withered by the thought of
Chairman Mao. As he withered
off so his political ardour.
Peng had only one last thought
of his own for his followers
"Class, mate."

And now...

CHINA WATCHES

This morning, our
Supreme Leader defied
three more of his inven-
tions before a milling
throng of one million
loudspeakers.

These were the dancing
negation, collective hotel and
martial team. They are all part
of the cultural revolution
which is making some of
China's best junk shops ob-
solescent.

Mao told the cheering public
address person that he had no
doubt the bourgeoisie nations
would read these inventions
as they had earlier his others
adding the Mao's trip, the
Mao's origin and Mao's-to-Mao's
relationships.

The imperialists were already
employing Mao's famous
patriotic warfare.

But Mao Mao—and here the
loudspeakers screamed triumph-
antly, many adding under the
straw—China not only had the
Peking man, but the Peking
Boy!

Here the Chairman reached
under his armpit, and drew out
the flex, holding it up to the
adoring pa trons.

"Peking has a little Yankee
monkey. Many hands make
light work."

At this remark, the loud-
speakers lelt, laughed and clap-
ped in gleeful approval.

Now with Chairman Mao
will assess a powder to relieve
China of this plague.

CROSSWORD

1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25

ACROSS

- First letter of Hero of Long March
- First letter of High Priest of Peking Oracle
- First letter of Great Ales of Cultural Pugs
- , which art is Heaven
- Beginning of second name of inventor of dynamite
- As Chairman Mao is to politics, so Grandee Mao is to —
- Mr. Mao (Fr.)

DOWN

- First letter in Chinese alphabet
- Mr. Mao (Eng.)
- First two words transmitted by radio
- Organization for Spreading Chairman Mao's Thought (abbr.)
- Chief noodle in Chinese alphabet soup

NEW BOOKS

"Peking Tea" — In this new novel, Mao T Tung delivers a telling comment on Soviet revisionists who descend into political voyeurism.

"Great Moments in Sport" — skillfully described file-by-file replay of the '85 Moh Jong Grand Final in which Chairman Mao crushed home the easiest of winners.

"Chinese Cheques" — Mao's great treatise on the birth control question. "Chinese Cooking"—M.

T. Tung, in collaboration with 5,000 slogan-chanting cookery demonstrators, explains what gives the paraplegic section of the Liberation Army the energy to keep marching on its stomach. Also an interesting appendix on Yankee Noodles.

"As Anthology of 20th Century Comic Verse"—a selection of some of Chairman Mao's failed poetry.

"20th Century Free"—Tse-tung's devastating diatribe against the brothels of Saigon.

day by dreary day

"sexual advances", molesting and victimizing

It appears that some of the supervisors at the GPO have been out for a bit of Business's Kaseh, only the girls wouldn't be knocked. Somewhat more of a Postman's Kasehbook.

February 14: Day's best Mrs Jones easily with a 1.4. On foot a very technical 1.4 since the decision was based on the report figures on sufficient 1.4, none of which concerns Mrs Jones, which was only Australian war material.

The result, a severe course of uncorrupted fees (as predicted in OZ 31), at least until the next General Election.

FEBRUARY 15: The bombing of North Vietnam announced. The New Statesman's Washington correspondent Andrew England's commentary on the American action during the weekend. The issue could just as well apply to Australia.

"The U.S. military is doing a master class on the public at home—and on the soldiers in the administration, too. During the four-day Tet truce, correspondents were loaded down with reports of communist defections and were reports of massive North Vietnamese head loss. It was all front-page stuff, and there was a sense of relief when the U.S. returned the war with 8-10 roads reopened after the truce ended. There was hardly a word about the new wave incoming U.S. supply build-up (on the first day of the truce for a one-day record of 2,700 tons was set for American cargo delivered by air to field units, according to a Chicago newspaper, or about the number of the incidents (communist attacks on U.S. defensive positions) and shootings of U.S. 'reconnaissance' aircraft."

February 16: The Premier announced a shodding \$13 million mass out of the Commonwealth at this special Canberra conference. Most of this will be spent on selling next year's equivalent of 1.4 and Marshall 1.4 so as to improve the Commonwealth with their loyal trading so they can get the same kind of money next year to the same effect.

This is the local equivalent of "Digging for Dollars" — Techniques for Treasury Handouts.

February 14: News item in The Australian "The Prime Minister yesterday called for an end to ritual which were frightening many people of ordinary size in interview."

In an interesting act of solidarity with their Prime Minister, representatives of the Pressmen's Association and the show 90,000 interrupted issued a statement on firing the fact that their members were ordered under no wise in negotiations these days and supporting any measure that would reverse this trend.

February 15: It was announced that in the last week (yes, the one right after the four-day Tet truce when the V.C. were so busy reinforcing themselves) that the Viet Cong for "the Communists", as the Australian press breath on calling them, lost 1700 dead, their biggest toll this year, as against a light-sided casualty list.

Which leads us to the following intriguing choice: Either let the V.C. stay in the leastest effects in military history, or let us just happen to be superior in this. So in every other, repeat.

Either way, a few more truces like that and Johnny'll be marching home again.

FEBRUARY 15: The Queen is in bed with a gnat. Since last night, she's been giving them to everyone else for years.

THEY'RE A WEIRD MOB
The legendary picture of the lone, lean, brown Aussie has been knocked a bit recently by people who point out that the typical Australian is a cityfied type who does not live much in the Great Outback.

These critics overlook the simple fact that the long-lean shape and brown colour come not from excursions into the Great Outback but from excursions up the back passages of the great powers. The lower half of a world power is in fact the Australian's Ecological Niche.

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BUSH
For Michael Brown, criminal artist

Once going, wrote rapid once about it: And now that children out to die, "Cooee", the daytime voices shouted. As the elephants of being lost come true. Artists passed it on, by night, through houses of mirrors, snakes of fire. And then, made life by Bushfire Warnings. It sheltered the world's kangaroos.

But now our painters have revealed The Australian bush is all around. Swishing in the streets, as long cooeeed, Bushfire is left with leafy sound, And whirling off its cyclone power. They expose its tendrils, moans and galleys. Winking from every gallery wall, And "Cooee" becomes a sizzling call From pools as female, trees to again. As, lost in the bush, strong mad by ash. A magnificence, grasp self-deliberate. Sends the Australian bush to grey.

—GEOFFREY DUTTON

HOW ARE YOUR BACK-ISSUES?



Issue 32: Peloco Girl Bomb! Schmirh; the Ky figures — anatomy of a demonstration; all the gem on the Qantas Strike

Issue 31 8-page lift-out interview with Prof. Tim Leary ("The L.S.D. of Love"). Why do they call N.S.W. Police Commissioner Norm Allen "The Mushroom"? (Because they keep him in the dark and feed him on bullshit), the worst of L.B. in Australia

Issue 30: Assassination in South Africa ("The Great Leap Forward"); Violence in Melbourne ("Sharpsville Massacre"); Cardinal Errol in Sydney ("I was Gilroy's double"), plus all the gem on Harold Holt's school days.

Issue 29: How gravity helps the Commies; why Zara keeps her secretary stuffed up her muu muu; the Reader's Digest formula.

Issue 28: The Hugh Gough nonsense; how to fail your Army Medical and the death of Private Noack. Of the vintage OZ's only Nos. 3, 7, 12 and 13 are available. 12 and 14 have just become unavailable. Also from 18 on. So if you want back issues (10c each) rush now to OZ before it's too late.

CLASSIFIED ADS

The IN thing is to take out a classified in OZ. At a mere \$3 per column inch we can get your message across to our estimated 100,000 Australia-wide readership. Of course, this isn't the readership of a major newspaper but the odds are that most of our readers read us cover-to-cover (in a desperate effort to get their money's worth) and all of them are the kind of people interested in YOUR merchandise. Whether you want to sell or buy or hire or rent or just send a personal message at sub-telephone rates, we are the people to carry your message to the very people you want. Money, of course, must accompany all copy.



IT'S ON FOR YOUNG, JUNG AND OLD!

For young men, old men, and starting.

COMFORT KATE, after many miles of trouble, has arrived. She's a book, and a set of 160 BIG pages, 14" x 11", 123 photos, some double-sized, and she'll go to your living room for \$10.50 and stay as long as you like. (By the way, she has no clothes, but a horse, gun and saddle.) **ON YOUR LOVING ROOM WALL YOU CAN HAVE IN GLORIOUS EASTMAN-COLOR** whacko huge colour photos of Charles, shown through your projector.

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NUDES & LINGERIE, outdoors and indoors. The architecture is modern, and jobs range from Japanese, New Zealand, English and Australian.

DON'T RUSH IN WITH \$3.00 for a set, but DO RUSH IN WITH TWO DOLLARS for a special set of assorted — 8 for \$2.00, which includes two of the samples from the cheaper ranges at \$ for \$1.50.

WHY IS IT SO? Well, best you buy the book by Prof. Julius Sommer-Wilke. Get it from me.

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THE SHIFTING STANDS OF 'TIME'

ON the eve of Ryan's hanging—life, after all, must go on—the Opossum Leaders of Melbourne gathered at the Southern Cross to hear John Scott at Time Mags and talk on "the prospects for peace in Vietnam". John, the invitation asked us, was a "foreign correspondent, author and lecturer" who on his home world "opinionated world leaders, economists, politicians, artists and writers and even architects" — interview often made more frank and precise by Scott's fluency in German, French and Russian. Just think of all these German, French and Russian speaking Vietnamese hitch hikers he must have run across.

The dinner was had but the gag plentiful in good Roman style, representatives of all the right Business and Poshness were present, seated around a large square tabled by four long tables, with hotel-looking waiters hovering behind us. On one side of me Archibuteau expanded the virtues of committing to his holiday home in his own place, while on the other Frank (one of them) agreed that there was no merit in keeping southerners alive. Art, at the top table, seemed slightly bored.

The chairman, a genial ex Indian Army type from the South, introduced our hosts, six of whom bear good Dale Carnegie names like Clem and Fred and held tight like Submarine Director for the Southern Pacific. We invited the Queen and the President—where else in the world can you drink in both great and powerful attention and settled down to learn to John Scott, who really agreed with his ten photographs.



THE JOURNAL HANNOVERIAN HONOR

"We will not capitulate to aggression" he said. Who the aggressors were seemed a little confused after we were told that it was not of the making. Sugar boats were Northeners while to leave him the Vietnam were Southerners, but John wasn't to be thrown by a little detail like that. Why, he asked us, what was going on was just like the good old American Revolution, with the Continental Assembly a replica of Philadelphia 1787. Of course things were not the same on the population in the Iron Triangle was "so bad" that it was finally evacuating villagers with what they could carry, and we had already destroyed 50,000 acres of rice—but it was, after all, war.

Consent of approval from the knighted, at the top table, seemed to be.

Russ, eventually, would be forced to negotiate. They would have by now were it was for these unimpaired adolescent professions back home. ("Not, of course, that I don't believe in freedom to discuss") William Furbright will no doubt be delighted to hear himself described in charge with "adolescence on the population". Eventually some kind of common market could exist in the whole Indo-Chinese peninsula, especially if we could get rid of a few modernists like Schuman, and He Chi Minh.

It wasn't that the United States had long been there. But what else was it necessary "order maintenance and economic development role" (the Time "Newspaper") It would hardly be fair to ask it of the British, poor dears. From the French we could expect only misanthropy. Germany and Japan were possibilities but with obvious disadvantages. Australia didn't have the power—though we are very grateful for your support (Marshall of thanks from all those support persons). No prize given for guessing whom the prince of democracy left holding the responsibility.

Confession, and the chairman, "let's all been given something to think about. Any questions?" Yes, three were questions. Their were three were fairly good — journalists and Anderson didn't agree with much of Scott's speech. Many times from the audience. Did Mr Scott agree with Furbright, Schuman, U Thant, Archbishop Krichbaum that continued bombing of North Vietnam was preventing peace? No. Mr Scott was originally against bombing but now we were doing it we should continue—and more. Hapgood is well.

This remarkable logic was much liked by the audience. At the top table. Building a former Lord Mayor of Melbourne, told Anderson to stop making a speech and proceeded to make one himself. As an old soldier he couldn't understand why the Americans didn't and off the whole peninsula and who. Well and Mr Scott, then after it was put a war against the people of richer South or North Vietnam. Come to think of it, he never told us when it was a war speech. Less, severely laughed, wanted Mr Scott to know that the majority of Australians agreed with him.

Political youth (Liberal) wanted to sympathy to me across the table. Many more speeches like Scott's and even his high might begin to answer.

-R.A.

Direct from Portobello Road—
London



Only OZ could take the Export Action Drive so seriously as to start up a London version, yes right in the heart of the Bigtime Magazine Circuit. Naturally we had the Australian press right behind us in our every move: nice little pats in "The Australian" explaining how sales weren't up to scratch and a beaut bit in the Sydney "Sunday Telegraph" exploding "Flopp . . . hits Fleet street with hardly a whimper".

So much for the home side. However, amongst Fleet street's "hardly whimpers" was the verdict "sharp and lively" from that obscure little-known journal the London "Observer" and other unsolicited testimonials which modestly prevents . . .

Somehow the issue, far from flopping, sold out. To give our Australian readers some idea of why, we have undertaken to reprint on the next three pages and on pages 18-19 a few choice excerpts. We shall probably continue to "pick the brains" of our London colleagues but there is really only one way of getting the total flavour: a subscription (\$6.50 p.a. by sea; \$12.00 p.a. by air). Send to 70 Clarendon Road, W.11, London.



darling.....

I love to write the straight-talking McCarthy-Brophy nudists on the most intimate activities of the English male, but I can't, for the simple reason that I've never been in bed with one.

It's true that I have no lack of standards of cleanliness. I regard my myself as a connoisseur in my energy and enterprise, not to mention the civility of my taste, under normal circumstances. I should have plunged into exhaustive field work, but I can't even do that, because I have taken a vow never to bed with, or indeed have sexual traffic anywhere with, an Englishman.

Those who know how passionately I hold my convictions of complete lack of potentialities and incapacity in sexual affairs, would be astounded at this unorthodox and liberal action, which was not so much freely taken by me, as forced upon me by the circumstances.

In Cambridge, where I live, there are (apparently) eight men to every woman. It seems the ideal spot for a devoted practitioner of the arts of love, for nearly all the men are in the full flower of their potency, being between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. When I arrived I was elated at the richness of the opportunity for procreating.

For six months after I arrived there, the only sex I experienced directly, apart from endlessly repeated discussions in which I found it necessary to explain that there had been improvements in coitus interruptus as a contraceptive method, or about varied dances of the order, "Sweetie, those are dirty." You are not so much diseased as dirty." was the slogan, one by one, of those grating, screeching men in their forties, who derived some vast satisfaction from exposing to me their genitalia, pelvic and thrusting in the frosty air.

In those six months I shared my most violent and concrete, but no real change in my behavior resulted. I settled down to being bottom-sugar and information service about contraception and venereal disease and matters of the heart generally, and transferred my sexual hopes to the wilderness.

I was sick to the gills of the usual rights provided for my dislocation at undergraduate parties, where the girls arrived in spotted swimwear and skinned up the gilded young like natives up a coconut pole, gluing themselves on by their lip-sticker and moonrings, while the boys signalled apically to their mates, and waited slyly for the girls to drop off to ask them for a cigarette.

(The same girls who had their own southwicks in summer and feed the eggs of the loach and water Linn Lovers.)

One evening I went down to stay with a smooth young architect whom I was ready to love distractedly, in his wily little flat near Fulham Road. He Michael Conrad called over the kitchen in his cunning baritone upon his condas and plumped cushions, bent inward and never even looked at me. In desperation I thought of stripping off my blouse, but noticed it on several counts (principally my sensible St. Michael smile). Eventually it was bed-time.

He carefully propped the spare bed, ran the bath, warmed the towels, lent me his bulging book and other manly cosmetics packed in leather and gun-metal, and said good-night. When I was worn in bed, scrubbed dry and drowsy, he suddenly slid in beside me. "Gee," he said, and lay there, off friendly and casual-like I fell asleep. I took care never to see him again.

He is not always an architect. Sometimes he is a lawyer or a fledgling lawyer, or a body stockbroker, or an accountant or an advertising. He is always very nice. He has an ideal of nice, gentle, useful, uncomplicated sex. He is logic.

My resolution to bed me an Englishman continued bloodily but unbroken. I went into the country to sample the party.

I lollid and played tennis and rode a bit and went to the races with deer-eyed, heavy-limbed young gentlemen with a dis-

crete tendency to lay down one's certain the most malicious gossip heard anywhere, generally on the theme of the parvenu, or the designing female who seeks to marry into the death duties class. At a small party given by one such to fifteen such, I noticed that at an oddly early hour the guests began to melt away while the flower lords, I was suddenly told a tale with my host and it was only eleven o'clock. I was the Victim of a Flou.

Host beamed gamely, and began to remove his old school shoes and socks, blaring some statistics the while about being snug.

How the plot can have been expected to thicken without some attempt to gain my sympathy I cannot imagine. I grasped the opportunity presented by his bare feet, and struck out, lion-pawed, across the lawn through the hedges and across the cricket ground that bordered the house where I was guest from his. My would-be revisiter came clumping after me, so I plunged willy on while the netting struck me all up inside my wild silk.

On the actual pitch, glancing ready in the moonlight for the man's play, he swung. We thrashed about desperately for a bit, and I bawled approaches to him for his lack of loyalty to the cricket club and for a fifteen guinea coming. Then I was up again and running across the outfield and through the rose-garden. The last I saw of him, he was remorselessly swooning and getting the ravaged skirt.

There seemed to be nothing for it but the wilds of Bolsover, where everything comes right for Shakespeare, or one thing. Things were generally much more promising after I had furnished out the operators from the drinks who don't, and the drugged who don't want to, and, of course, your classic pedestrians. The first conquest brought him in, so giddy a pallor preceded over by undertones of so unbecomingly retentive a colour that I accused myself hurriedly and left. I have tried to overcome my bourgeois aversion for old girls, but there the English have me defeated.

The second Sally put me in a curious situation which has been parodied many times since. Hardly had we arrived in the bedchamber than he was diverting himself of a yellow grey interlock and insisting that I pass my fingers lightly over his nose-bridge back barely touching the skin. An hour later, still in both arms and still fully dressed, I slipped downstairs and hopped gratefully on the 49.

Other variants of this situation can be indicated thus:

"Would you mind leaving your boots on?" (On one occasion, "Would you mind leaving your hat on?")

"Sorry. I can only make it with flat-shoed girls."

"What are you looking for?" (Standard answer: "Lord Mienbottom.")

"Let's pretend you're dead!"

"I believe speaking black-heads."

"What a sweet soul!"

To save myself from further midnight flits along the slapping passageways, I took the vow and I've never regretted. Now, I imagine, how the English.

Ask me about Takami, Persico, Aoloi, West Indians, Jews from anywhere, Irishmen, Welshmen, Africans, men from anywhere else but England and you've got yourself an article, but about the English lower, on you see, I know nothing.



From March 3 each year a ceaseless whirl of gaiety and abandon engulfs this happy city. Untroubled by the tragedies in surrounding States (hoodlum bashes, bushfires and a labor government) Melbourne opens their hearts and minds.

This month in Melbourne is Moomba Month. Melbourne, hometown of Normie, Ronnie Burns and swinging Ronnie Ryan.

- For the hang-up of a lifetime, try Melbourne at the fall.
- For a ridiculously low price you can have a real gas—the natural way.
- For culture, there's the Melbourne Cultural Centre on St. Kilda Road to look forward to.
- For the flavor of Mardi Gras without the ordeal of French levetieries, try Moomba!

PLACES TO SEE

1. Exits leave every half hour from outside Derris's for the trip to Pentridge where inmates are full re-enactment of the Ryan-Walker bid for freedom. There is a crushing finale as a wonder tragedy does his colleague. On the trip back, stops are made of the Workers, State Public Offices and Government House for a glimpse of the main characters in the drama "Ryan, Death-Dealer" and desperate "Wives" Kennedy are on sale. Family group reductions.

2. Sunday excursions to the Eltham Woods Sanctuary are ever popular. The hermits have chosen to live apart from Society and have created with the outside world only on weekends when they charge admission for trappers to inspect their special houses. Rotary always, finely machined nut-bowls and hand-drawn platforms are specialists of their nimble-fingered refugees from our commercial world.

3. For the architecturally inclined, a visit to the ICI Buildings, King Street Bridge and other architecturally inclined structures can be interesting. Also there's the City Square to anticipate.

THINGS TO DO

1. Moomba Book Fair, Town Hall. Join the witty outspoken set of intellectuals—Oscar Mendelsohn, Frank Hardy, Keith Walker, Russ Tyson and Walter Murdoch—as they discuss and autograph their latest convention-breaking works.

2. Moomba "Music For the People", Myer Music Bowl. From the pen of Hector Crawford, whose pen also contains "Homicide", "Music For the People" is for people who do not often hear, or even like, music. The Bowl's acoustics keep it that way.

3. Moomba Carnival, Alexandra Gardens. Colorful trade union fairs, the Fairly-treaty shirt men and the Victorian flower-men combine in this gay pageant accompanied by the Malvern Brass Band.

A novel addition this year is a re-enactment by protesters of their welcome to President Johnson—accompanied by the Police Band. Sanctions are moved against leaving the performers.

4. See the Percy Gossiger Museum, Melbourne University.

In his bequest to the University, the great Australian composer of "Country Gardens" stipulated that all his creative accomplishments should be put on show in a museum. This little known but exciting Melbourne feature of the University includes Percy's printer and rejection slips.

THINGS TO DO

1. Moomba Book Fair, Town Hall. Join the witty outspoken set of intellectuals—Oscar Mendelsohn, Frank Hardy, Keith Walker, Russ Tyson and Walter Murdoch—as they discuss and autograph their latest convention-breaking works.

2. Moomba "Music For the People", Myer Music Bowl. From the pen of Hector Crawford, whose pen also contains "Homicide", "Music For the People" is for people who do not often hear, or even like, music. The Bowl's acoustics keep it that way.

PEOPLE TO MEET

1. Gerald Kerr, "Uncle" Tom Harvey. Protective chaplain at Pentridge for ten years and always ready with a cheery word and pleasant thought.

On the morning of Ronald Ryan's hanging, Uncle Tom also made the papers. He burned out from the Age's Church Section, next to a long story on his work.

A MID the grey grimness of Pentridge is a man who loves his work in the jail. "It is fascinating," he says.

He is the Rev. Tom Harvey, who has been chaplain at Pentridge and Victoria's solitary prisons for the past 10 years, representing the Coptic (Other Protestant) Denominations.

This Autumn, it's Swingin' MELBOURNE

And, of course, Uncle Tom had an appropriate thought for the day.

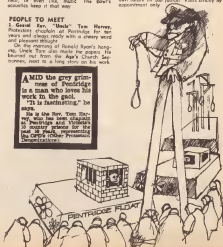
"Hundreds of men have died to me. The best thing that ever happened to me was coming in here — it has saved me 100 years. I just can't make any sense," he said.

But then, Ryan was a Catholic. Telltale.

The only woman the prisoners ever see is Penelope in the cell, Harvey, who has played the organ since every Sunday since her husband's appointment.

Wouldn't you love to meet this guy, with it years of the clock? Write Dept 124, Russell Street, Melbourne.

2. Mr. Stanley Kemmer — architect of Chivers (Hotel and Island), the St. Kilda Hotel, Tower under construction, Stanhill Consolidated (in consolidation) and his own future in sub-judicial. Visits strictly by appointment only.



Whitlam watchers:

WHY THE LEFT
OBJECT TO
WHITLAM

NOW that the newspaper *Herald* has over Whitlam's election and, inevitably, ended, it might be appropriate to ask what the *Herald* has in store for all of us.

Whitlamism embodies a drive for a technocratic rather than a trade-union dominated A.L.P. It makes a fetish of efficiency and rejects social inequalities and distorted social priorities in a paternalistic rather than democratic, played by Cold

War hegemony. It supports gutless American repression in Vietnam and misunderstands the problems of the under-developed, the Third World War, and finally, symptomatic of its embryonic and reducing the narrow personality of an editor, it is staid and unimaginative.

Whitlam wants a technocratic rather than a trade union dominated A.L.P. Believing that the A.L.P. should reflect the desires of all employees, he wants to end the narrow domination of the party and increase the influence of experts, professional men, administrators and technicians.

The trade unions are more than just entities looking for a few bucks a week extra for their members, they embody a class focus with objectives a desire to change it and a refusal by the working-class to become incorporated into bourgeois society as its own terms. Trade union domination of the A.L.P. has ensured that the A.L.P. remained to some degree apart from the Establishment and (potentially) a force for social change.

Whitlam has an obsession with economic and administrative efficiency to the exclusion of all else. As Craig McGregor has observed, "He is not a social reformer, he is preoccupied in his law his society is, but how efficient."

Now is Whitlam much worried by the strength of democracy in Australia. Bourgeois and parliamentary democracy a partial, economical, misused, formal and abstract, and Whitlam either ignores this or thinks it unimportant.

When Whitlam talks solemnly about making our cities livable in, the times of paternalism are unworkable. It's a job for his experts, there is no place for popular participation. The making urban limits is not to be transferred by the people who live in it and die in it.

Whitlam is conventionally disturbed at the poverty of the Third World. With incredible naivety and ignorance, he proposes to solve this commanding crisis by donating one per cent of the National Income of all selected countries to technical and economic aid to these countries (It's that 1 per cent, to the 5 per cent Australia spends on "Violence").

Finally Whitlam has no "cultural" policy. He answers for the quality of life. There is no more than a hint at his voluminous writings that he wants to create conditions allowing the fullest freedom of "products" to exist, guaranteeing wide distribution of their work etc.

Seriously Whitlam will be leader for decades — the prospect of which further demonstrates how left on the Left of the A.L.P. But history is full of the unexpected. —H.B.

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all for all maladies



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P.M. Camps at Portsea



the other hand, is reserved and rather campily elegant, having advantages of charm and precision which Pugh obviously lacks.

Pugh has an instinctive flair for pathos, which makes him little loved by fellow punsters. Those who have tried to follow the bewitching sequence of his questions and self-answers have usually given him up as the complete opportunist. He has an immense variety of acquaintances but virtually no friends. His association with poet Macninch is unique.

Although both are smokers, humorously independent and more concerned with their art than with people, they are very different from each other. Macninch's dislike of himself to anyone, is obvious and aloof, whereas Pugh is the opposite.

It might appear that Macninch's only weakness is Pugh and that Pugh has the propensity to use at his own these qualities of his friend which he himself does not possess. Their loyalty, though heavily-endorsed, is very strong.

Constantly Zara must ponder on the odd pair of fat but bearded beings to table. And what about the Portsea neighbours (kind)?

* Macninch's short story "Herbert on the one remove" was published in OZ No. 15, talking of leading quarterlies—Ed.



Australia recently witnessed a strange meeting. It was the reunion of old boys from Victoria's famous school, Stelford High.

Chairman was Sirs Popular Henry ("Bugs") Bells, impressively or one of the head of the table, seated in his imported electric chair.

Sir Henry spoke at length of the humours of capital punishment under his government. In 1951, for example, the hangmen used his black head for the last time.

On the principle of capital punishment itself, Sir Henry was adamant. "Hanging," he said, "is the best deterrent for criminals."

"A hanged man won't murder again," he continued as he gulped himself into a glass of blood orange meringue cake.

However, Sir Henry agreed that capital punishment was not all that it might be. "We'd like to introduce Muzak into our future hangings," he said. "Tune with white mice here above Muzak studies the nerves of both the hangmen and the victim." Sir Henry said that Hitler had the right idea when he hanged opponents with piano wire.

One of Sir Henry's ministers mentioned that Germany was the home of Barthman. Sir Henry said it was quite true although he had never known where that Barthman had been a hangman. He asked his secretary to have some of Barthman's work hung in his office — "an alarm wire," he laughed with a hearty cackle. —A.B.

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE OF THE WEEK



Australian Premiere of John Arden's Left Handed Liberty

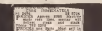


Produced by Anne Heane.
Presented by S.U.D.S.

Union Theatre, 1-4, R-F1 North.
Jazz Street Theatre, 18-19, 22-23 March.
Burlington Unions of Sydney and N.S.W.
Univ., D.J.'s, Nicholas; Student Conventions.



In the May edition on Page 5 of OZ we published an article on the Mount Isa dispute and Mr. Gordon Sheldon. We are now satisfied that the article and its implications are unfair to Mr. Sheldon. We wish to retract any implications in the article which reflect adversely on Mr. Sheldon.



Let Harold Blot borrowing a new underwear culture with his two new long-haired, egg-shaped companions, poet Noel Macninch and painter Clifton Pugh?

Last Australia Day weekend, this remarkable trio roared off in a motor launch piloted by Stuart Moffat and daughtered yellow tails at the Fremantle Blot down coast from Portsea.

Pugh and Macninch are an odd pair, whose companions over many years is a by word in Ebbson's lexicon.

Clifton, the painter, is the son of late year's Archibald Prize. At first he made a reputation in landscapes but critics have finally convinced him that this part of his work has more declined so he is now almost wholly a painter of portraits. At night he expects, he is currently working on a picture of Harold.

Noel, the poet, is represented in numerous anthologies and is presently published in leading quarterlies. He holds an M.A. and Doctor of Philosophy degrees, and has compiled the only published book on Pugh's work.

They are an unlikely pair. Pugh is broad, amiable, unassuming and has little taste in clothes and habits. Macninch, on

The Age, Monday, December 5, 1966

Monday, February 13

The Sun launched its whopping campaign with the following story on an interview with Mancham, which had been controversially turned up on local tele-

THE SUN TV STORY JACKIE KENNEDY "BOILING"

There was also a heavy but sympathetic editorial "The One was Right, but so is our regard for Sun readers" and a headline full of impending drama: "Now by Now, the Last Days of John Kennedy—" No other outlet, no other combination of writers, can hope to capture the emotion-packed drama of the few days before and after John Kennedy's murder. They have tried, but without success.

Underlined, the Mirror ran "Jackie Kennedy wants to marry" (she's not half wrong), and proudly announced "she only offered once!"

Tuesday, February 14

The best was on and the local public had to be dazzled of any illusion it might harbor about which paper had the goods.

"Don't Be Fooled" was the Sun's headline. "There is no substitute, this is the only authentic version available bought the co-

Not even the official claims right in "Death of Jackie—the Warren Commission—our able to probe as deeply as Mancham?" But its rival announced with "First in the Mirror: That the Mirror, in an

The Daily Mirror begins publication tomorrow of the story of the murder of President John F. Kennedy. DON'T BE FOOLED by later accounts!"

Wednesday, February 15

"Don't Be Fooled" ran a front-page story on the morning's Telegraph "last day you have read claims and counter claims that the afternoon papers are to publish the official, true version of President Kennedy's assassination and the events which were before and after. But don't be fooled!"

"The balanced, true picture of what happened that day in Dallas will appear in the Daily Telegraph starting tomorrow."

The Herald also entered the fray by beginning a series of back-up support stories for the Sun.

But it was Murdoch's day for he alone produced the first installment a full day before the others.

The Sun replied with a graphic newspaper.

THE SUN

JACKIE'S



ANGUISH

And a two-page editorial "Don't Be Fooled" was the Sun's headline. "There is no substitute, this is the only authentic version available bought the co-

Not even the official claims right in "Death of Jackie—the Warren Commission—our able to probe as deeply as Mancham?" But its rival announced with "First in the Mirror: That the Mirror, in an

attempts to match our scoop, is belittling a rehash of the Warren report. It had to do something. But the report was fully dealt with 17 years ago when it was issued."

"And we're not really surprised that the Daily Telegraph is now lagging along and has announced its own Kennedy story."

"Protection is scarce flattery but don't be misled."

The Mirror's second edition replied with a placard obviously designed to snare

of the Sun.

Mirror

KENNEDY

BEGINS TODAY

At an added attraction, Murdoch began to snare all his Kennedy publicity with an "OFFICIAL" label.

THE SUN

DEATH

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THE SUN

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Murder has not-news have forced down the public's throat as suddenly. Murdoch announced within the read at each other and front pages read like fiction for a Hollywood masterpiece re-plot. Important news from Vietnam, Syria and even the Premier's Conference was ruthlessly forced onto the inside pages.

As far as the two Sunday evening papers were concerned, there was no news worth the posters that were the front page for well over a week in mid-February. The "news" which did make the covers of the Sun and the Mirror was something that had happened over three years ago — the assassination of President Kennedy.

The Sun was by this time beginning to realize that Murdoch had outdone them again, and decided to move unadvised into a sensationalist tactic "DEATH SECRETS" across the second edition page, with more to follow.

THE SUN

KENNEDY

THE REAL

STORY

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The Sun's second edition began with the Mirror's second edition, implying that there must be something interesting about a book that has been taken to court.

THE SUN

THE BOOK

JACKIE

TOOK TO

COURT

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NEWS STORY

and over the President's Conference was ruthlessly ferreted out the inside pages.

The whole playing off the two sides of the Kennedy "Lash" versus Jacqueline Kennedy's story must mean, John Fairfax and Co. announced in the Sun that they had purchased the rights to a serialization of Manchester's book, Robert Kennedy's Mirror, dealing at once after the recent official announcement of their exclusive deal over the Sun, nevertheless felt it only wise to do the usual thing and blunder the competition's tactics pre-publicity. A preface of the Warren Report was prepared for this purpose.

THE SUN DEATH OF A PRESIDENT STARTS TODAY

Friday, February 17

The first edition goes for the Sun begins its exciting new race.

THE SUN KENNEDY NEW FACTS ON MURDER

New Facts on Kennedy's death, the facts into the history of the assassin rather than the personification as news men were concerned that the Mirror was continuing itself to the "fact" of the Warren Report.

Manchester's concern with the same discovery powers throughout the day. His "fact" news staff policy was obviously effective.

"What made him smile?" (what made him grimace?) just a phrase at Oswald for the Sun's second

edition poster represented a feature book-peddling into emotional personality in street.

THE SUN WHAT MADE HIM ASSASSIN

The third edition showed the last ditch stand for public exposure.

THE SUN KENNEDY'S ASSASSIN STRANGE LOVE LIFE

Like Love's in 5 much info, didn't get them in anything could.

Nothing did. By the late edition, the Sun was forced back, once as much "Real Story" poster and headlines claim that Thursday's edition had said so to such an extent that extra copies were being printed.

THE SUN KENNEDY THE REAL STORY PART 2

Throughout Friday, Manchester had simply abandoned the two standard "OFFICIAL" posters.

Mirror FREE LIFT-OUT



KENNEDY

With the weekend's first edition, Manchester's

garrison's time was divided and its true assassin, Robert Kennedy (Daily Telegraph) had been at a front page editorial on Saturday under the heading "Book and report quietly revealed Manchester's and supported the Sun which, also plugging the Kennedy circulation — an increase during past few different sources which are taken into a balanced picture for their people who have read the evening paper yesterday.

While Parker's eye at the evening newspaper is well known, his policy of going up with Fairfax on a united Sun-Manchester front only appears as rare news items (This "knows news" three) understanding is hardly when the staff of either the Herald or the Telegraph go on strike).

Monday, February 20

By Monday it was all over. Despite front at strips by Fairfax to keep the time alive through a page three special in the Sunday Sun Herald, Manchester had succeeded in closing the public mind with dull, heavy-handed Kennedy news.

The a flag of victory, Monday's Mirror poster continued in the last. Zai Rabin's style of violent action.

Mirror IRON BAR BASHING HOODLUM RAMPAGE

Manchester's own version of the Sun had no option but to continue and take the flag to its latest end.

Monday, February 21

Concentrated attack? Tomorrow's Mirror moved swiftly into the offensive by beginning a serialization of Hedy Lauder's autobiography "Tempt and Me". Not only is it only on Mrs. Lauder's driving power in a Hollywood but Mrs. Manchester has a full page with photographs of the 30s and more, more in the trade. As this was only the second time

that Britain with supplies have featured in the evening

Mirror

HEDY: MY LOVE LIFE



papers (no, wait, come the African babies) we can safely assume that the Mirror felt this a vital opportunity to grab and hold new readers.

The Sun's reply — set at other half-life in a long history of bashing Bob Dyer — was purely post competition. After all no one is really interested in reading post-ops of a building, waiting taking advice.

THE SUN

DYER'S TV



SECRETS

Where had all the news gone, long in the past?

The weekend's edition of the Mirror paper has been published in the following order:

The first two pages of the Mirror were the Kennedy story, which was the main attraction of the edition. The story was a long one, and it was a very good one. It was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family. It was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family.

The second page of the Mirror was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family. It was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family.

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The fourth page of the Mirror was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family. It was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family.

The fifth page of the Mirror was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family. It was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family.

The sixth page of the Mirror was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family. It was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family.

The seventh page of the Mirror was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family. It was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family.

The eighth page of the Mirror was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family. It was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family.

The ninth page of the Mirror was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family. It was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family.

The tenth page of the Mirror was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family. It was a story of a woman who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family, and who had been a very good friend of the Kennedy family.

Editor of NEW states

WHEN you hear an Englishman shouting "It's going down the drain," it is odds on that he is referring to the British economy, but, providing he stands somewhere to the left of Enoch Powell, there is a fair chance that he is talking about the "New Statesman." This publication has been slightly seeping down the plug-hole ever since its foundation in 1913. Nevertheless the obsequies, its circulation has risen to about 30,000, its readership to 350,000.

Its editor must be a secretary of the British progressive tradition. For many years Kenneth Martin performed this role admirably. Following his retirement the position was assumed by John Forster, who, in the midst of all clarity left us because High Commissioner in New Delhi, an important task in keeping with his character. And a third person, Paul Johnson, at the age of 36 was confirmed as editor. Since his assumption of office the circulation has continued to rise, and standards alleged to have sunk.

Johnson's prose, pleasantly clear and terse, has been praised less so for its admirable reticence against American aims in Vietnam, another hope that with the wage freeze Labour Minister John Gordon, and their admissions about the situation at, as he would term it, the future, Moscow. His only formal training gives his thought a logic, sometimes more acceptable than its premises.

From 1945 to 1948 he was at Magdalen doing History and then entered the Army, ending up at Galesburg deterring the Reds. When he left the Army, he went to Paris in 1948, and Executive Editor of "Revue" for three and a half years and towards the end of that period became the "New Statesman's" Paris correspondent.

COCKBURN: What do you imagine the purpose of the New Statesman is?

JOHNSON: Basically speaking what it was when it was founded. It was started in 1913 by the Hobbles and George Bernard Shaw as a sort of Fabian socialist in Britain paper, aimed primarily at a small circle of people, cabinet ministers, leaders of the opposition, M.P.'s, senior civil servants, a certain number of members of Parliament, to influence their public programme lines.

Of course, at the Labour Party gradually established itself as the chief progressive party in the country it has tended to get more at that end it has been largely associated with the Labour Party, but it has never been a party organ.

It is written by specialists for an audience trying to influence people in authority.

COCKBURN: Do you feel there is a limit to the criticism you can make of the government, a point beyond which you might lose whatever influence you may think you have on them?

JOHNSON: What is precisely the tricky thing we have to achieve the right balance between giving broad support and, on the other hand, criticizing what one thinks is wrong.

In a newspaper staff that one is on, and I don't mention this always get the balance right.

COCKBURN: Shouldn't you, do you think the government presents any prospects of advance to socialism?

JOHNSON: I think that government will go where it is asked. And we return to

do a great deal of looking. The most fundamental point is the government's continued determination to uphold the pound at a world currency. So long as they do that pressure from the city from international bankers and so forth, are bound to persist.

I don't think this government has a long-term future as a socialist state, so long as it stands its ground.

COCKBURN: But do you really think the government will ever have the guts to do anything about sterling, or, on another track, is determined themselves since strongly from the Americans over Vietnam?

JOHNSON: They are all tied up together so far. So long as you realize every thing is behind sterling, you are not in a position to have an independent foreign policy.

COCKBURN: You recently said the Vietnam war was the last in history.

JOHNSON: I think it has become so. The range and obsolescence of the weapons now being deployed are so horrible that day by day to a great extent on a civilian population which has had over twenty years of war. The expense of the the largest and strongest power in history, backing itself with all the resources of scientific technology on this small country, is so repulsive as to be almost beyond description.

And incidentally I don't think most of the generations for as long as a century, it is probable that if there had not been such pressure from the left, it would be made much, much more

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

TALKS
TO

PAUL JOHNSON

American policy than we now are. But all I know, British troops would be at present serving in Vietnam.

COCKBURN: On another front a lot of people, not, rather surprised by your lengthy article, advising the Royal Family what to do about Prince Charles's situation—the suggested name seemed almost as if they to punish your own—who did you write the paper?

JOHNSON: I thought that it was very important that anyone who runs the monarchy should have a proper education. There is always been terribly badly educated in the past.

I worked it out on balance that he

COCKBURN: But you don't always seem to have been so against military presence. In 1963 you told *New Statesman* readers: "A British military presence in the Malay was Indonesia's only protection against the Indonesian imperial power of China and Indonesia." British military presence often the last chance for the gradual development of the rule of the Law. Would you express the same sentiment now?

JOHNSON: I don't think I would quite. The fact is, one makes mistakes and one judges. I went back a few years ago and all that I had written in the paper, and I roughly calculated that I had been right 40%, wrong 30% and the other 30% was arguable.

Any editor who tries to maintain that he's always been right is either a fool or a crook. But I would be prepared to argue about those points you quoted. I'm not against a British military presence in all circumstances. I don't have any moral reservations about that, provided the people want us there and provided we do afford it.

man



would get the best education at some place like Oxford or Cambridge. If he went to one of the provincial universities he would be looked on as such a freak that the whole experiment would be a failure. Oxford and Cambridge are much more used to absorbing Catholic students. Anyway, I think it was good journalism to note the point just before his eighteenth birthday.

It did arouse a lot of interest, and one hopes that these things are influential in as much as they read to retain a question. As a matter of fact the *Statesman* has always taken a great interest in the Royal Family.

No, keep a close eye on these people, and articles are published on them always arouse enormous interest in our readers. We accept the fact that the Monarchy is going to be with us for quite some time, and that being the case, we think it is only right that the Monarch should be properly advised to do the right thing.

COCKBURN: The *Statesman* seems to have gone in for a gentler, more personal style recently. Is this part of a general policy?

JOHNSON: This kind of impression arises from the fact that I started the *Centenary* columns. That was an attempt to revive the short essay form in which people like Jack Forester can expand their views secondly it allows a kind of personified view of events, and finally it tends to be more

COCKBURN: But when you have Levin and this kind of boring in the pages of the same paper, don't you think that is getting a little unnecessary?

JOHNSON: I think it's something that has got to be done with great skill and not

very often. This business of overpersecution is very bad and silly.

COCKBURN: People often talk in very different terms about the front and back half of the paper. Do you see any connection between the two?

JOHNSON: It's actually difficult to tell. Most people, to judge from the surveys, read between 85% and 90% of the paper. You can't really say people buy it for the front or the back. This is an old myth.

COCKBURN: Did your literary editor, Neil Meyer's resignation have anything to do with different plans at present, or is it on the back half it concerned?

JOHNSON: I'm interested in improving the back half. It has a great deal of very solid fact and contains excellent reviewing, but I'm interested in improving the back half, making it appeal more broadly to people.

Indeed, by the time that interview appears you will, I hope, see the beginnings of changes.

COCKBURN: Now you are the latter figure of the *Statesman*, discussing weekly in the diary and other parts, what kind of usage of yourself do you imagine the readers are getting?

JOHNSON: God knows. That's not for me to say. Writing a weekly diary is an exercise in opinion. It's bound to be.

If you don't reveal a certain amount of yourself then the thing is dull. And, if you do reveal bits of yourself, then to some extent you hold yourself up to ridicule.

COCKBURN: You, you recently described how you had a tangle with the police after some *Suez* demonstration and then went along to the Ritz and had a hot bath down by a waiter. Did it surprise you that people thought this funny?

JOHNSON: It was meant to be funny. I knew they'd think it was funny. It was true. I thought it was quite comic, though I'm bound to say I thought it was a perfectly sensible thing to do, because at those days the Ritz gave you a jolly good one for 10s. a good bottle of tea.

I got a lot of that.

COCKBURN: Again, you've attacked the *Beatles*. Francis Bacon, got quite sick of it, indeed.

JOHNSON: I just wrote the diary in the way I would normally write a diary. I think the whole pop music thing is ridiculous and I said so and I got into a dreadful trouble for saying so. I still get a lot of trouble from it. As for

Francis Bacon, I like him and think he's an extremely nice man and very talented. I just happen not to like his paintings, along with a lot of other people.

COCKBURN: You thought you were going to be prime minister when you wrote *Worship*. Were there any other unfulfilled ambitions, before the climax, as editor of the *New Statesman*?

JOHNSON: At one time I wanted to be a doctor. At another I wanted to be an art critic. In fact I wouldn't mind writing my days as an art critic. It's always some of a marvellous occupation.

COCKBURN: Voting opposition to *Francis Bacon* an insult?

JOHNSON: Not necessarily, but putting a different point of view merely to the one generally held today. I think it's possible I might still go into politics. I don't know. I can't see myself getting the *Statesman* indefinitely, and I don't think anyone would want me to do so. After all, how long does it take a member of our team who ought to be good, provided one has trained a good terrorist.

COCKBURN: So you're still till 1974?

JOHNSON: I don't want to lay down any deadlines, otherwise people might hold me to them. Of course I'm getting a bit old for politics really by present-day standards, and I'm not sure I'd make a good M.P. Unless you're a strong supporter with a good dash of personal vanity, it's a difficult life to enjoy.

COCKBURN: So it looks like not to pursue as an art critic.

JOHNSON: Yes, though, on the other hand, if one feels one can do it, it would be rather a diminution of duty if one didn't try occasionally. After all, one felt one had some particular contribution to make.

COCKBURN: What would you regard as your great virtue?

JOHNSON: Well, I think I'm very often accurate and responsible-minded, probably over-cautious because I worry too much about things.

COCKBURN: And your vice?

JOHNSON: Too impatient, terribly impatient.

COCKBURN: Yes, I asked someone who had run you once what question she would like to ask you, and she said "Ask him why he's so bloody unpleasant." Do you feel you have this effect on people?

JOHNSON: Well, I think I do on people. I seem very briefly, occasionally, but much less so than I used to.

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